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GAR SQUARE.

OPENING THE BOOKS.

HOW CIRCULATION HAS GROWN.

Total number of "WORLDS" printed

each year under present proprietorship:

1883.....12,235,238

1884.....25,519,785

1885.....51,241,267

1886.....70,125,041

1887.....83,389,828

1888.....104,473,560

1889.....121,906,360

MULTIPLIED BY TEN.

Average daily circulation during the

first year of the present proprietorship.

1883—33,541.

Average circulation per day during

1889—333,990.

HOW "WANTS" HAVE GROWN.

Total number of "WANTS" each year

in "THE WORLD" under present

proprietorship:

1883.....86,577

1884.....258,782

1885.....448,793

1886.....525,024

1887.....602,391

1888.....651,941

1889.....702,849

A MOVE OF MR. LOOMIS.

The announcement that Street-Cleaning

Commissioner Loomis estimates a

flight to Philadelphia, Baltimore and

Washington need awaken no solicitude

about the cleanliness of our highways.

The situation is not altered by Mr.

Loomis's absence from his post.

The only thing he has done since he

entered on the office has been to study

up the question: "How to clean the streets

of New York?" Had the Commissioner

mastered this practical point, that the

fifth should be taken up and removed,

and had quickly gone to work on that

basis, leaving more subtle or aesthetic

features of street cleaning to gradually

acquire, he would probably have been a

greater success.

He has not been a blooming success.

No, not a blooming one. If it be that

somebody else has undertaken to run the

Department under the aegis of Mr.

Loomis's name, this is even a worse state

of things. Mr. Loomis should stand or

fall on his own cleaning.

When he gets to Baltimore the sight of

some vigorous Maryland negroes hurrying

bucketful of water at the plate-glass

windows of North Charles street, while a

hydrant pours a merry deluge over the

sidewalk and the cobblestones look as

clean as bakers' rolls, then the dagger of

remorse may pierce Mr. Loomis's soul.

He will see that city streets can be kept

clean.

Much good may it do him.

THE BRONZE MAIDEN.

Good work was done in the Senate

yesterday on the subject of Liberty Island

as an immigrant station. Senator McPHER-

son made an eloquent protest against this

dedication of the site of Liberty's statue,

and Senator EVANS sustained him with

an equally strong, impassioned appeal

against such use of the beautiful little

island.

Ellis Island is not only as good a site

for an emigrant station. It is a much

better one than Liberty Island. In the

warm summer days this emerald spot, in

the bright blue waters of one of the

most beautiful bays in the world, is visited

by thousands.

Will their interest survive if they are

confronted and affronted by the sight of

big, ugly buildings crowding around the

base of the lovely girl of France to

America? The shame of our slumish-

ness in preparing a resting-place for

BARTHOLOMEW's splendid creation is height-

ened by the mortification of this pro-

posed blunder. The best American sen-

timent deprecates, deprecates the proposed

disgrace. Do not suffer it.

TOO MUCH SUPPRESSION.

When the Coroner's office begins to

suppress things it is time to call a halt.

The object of the office is to clear up

anything dubious about mysterious

deaths. When for reasons of its own it

deliberately suppresses a case suspicion

is most reasonably aroused.

A man hanged himself in a lavatory at

Bellevue Hospital. Deputy Coroner

DOUGLAS attended the case, and the in-

question paper was turned in to Chief Clerk

EDWARD F. RYNDERS. No record of the

case was made on the file.

This sort of thing cannot be allowed to

go on. One or two cases are just one or

two more than enough.

partisan vote bestowed upon her. But it is not too late now. Anniversary events are supposed to occur on a date which is a recurrence of the year or month or day on which the events to be commemorated occurred. The Fair should take place in 1892, the anniversary year. If Chicago can't get ready for it then, and she says she cannot, let New York have it, who says she can prepare for it, and worthily.

WILL THE "L" ROADS PAY?

Comptroller MYERS has taken a bulldog-like grip on the L roads and means to get the percentage which he says they owe the town and which they have dodged paying. He has written to Vice-President R. M. GALLAGHER, of the Manhattan Elevated Railroad Company, and threatens to institute legal proceedings if the road does not settle.

The Comptroller quoted from a decision of the court of Appeals lately that in any ambiguity as to the amount due from a company in a grant of privileges the decision should be in favor of the public. This is a good point.

Another outrage is reported. Last evening the fairy form of the "boy cop" was wandering like a dream of sunshine down the prosy twilight of West Twenty-second street. A rude lumberman, with humor in his soul, looked joyously on the "boy cop" as a tricksome freak. Then the "boy cop" smote him. Happily the lumberman waged battle, and the "boy cop" fled, dead and complained.

A lot of Poughkeepsie girls have drawn up an ideal of the man who alone can woo and win them. As the man is one who can exist nowhere but in their mind's eye, being too utterly good even for a husband, there are either scores of broken resolutions afloat or else a batch of beautiful Poughkeepsie spinsters in the dim distance.

The hand of PLATT has got in another piece of his fine handwork. Col. JOURN R. WARRIN has been appointed Commissioner of Immigration. WARRIN was the PLATT hater. Thanks to TOM PLATT he has got this plum. The day of PLATT's suppression will be a red-letter one.

SPOTLETS.

A girl has stolen a whole leather store. Never was so leathered before. Perhaps she wanted to effectually hide herself.

Wick Blanton, st. fifteen, was wallowed by his popper, and to hurt the old man's feelings, committed suicide. He snuffed the Wick.

Murder, "by request," sounds like a musical program.

King Gleagle is reported to have retreated with his female cohort. They like the King to retreat—Strawberries and ice-cream!

"Man, know thyself!" they say. And yet it is allowed. Such an exclamation may not always make us proud.—Judge.

A MOVE OF MR. LOOMIS.

Whenever Father thinks of Sanchez, the Spanish bull-fighter who asks \$10,000 for an appearance, he heart sinks. He is the only human thing that can strike a higher note than himself.

Miss Dush got \$5,000. Breach of promise. The defendant thought he was too good wine to need her.

An elephant died of a heart that weighed 102 pounds. Just think if he had fallen in love.

A train upset and a convict, strapped to a seat, after hanging in mid-air some time, expired out of his own kicking. Was he a fool or a hero?

With tickets to hear Patti at 67 the hand-organ man should refuse to move on under a dime.

POLITICAL ECHOES.

The once great United Labor party is being reborn. Most of the old leaders have found berth under the Federal Government, but Tammany has secured a few. Its latest acquisition of this sort is John Morrison, ex-superintendent of Higgins's carpet factory, who has been made District Superintendent in the Street-Cleaning Department at an annual salary of \$1,000.

Passet's snuffing committee from Albany will try very hard to prove the existence of crookedness in the Bureau's office during Mayor Grant's term, and if possible, that Mr. Grant had knowledge of it. The committee also proposes to investigate the office of the City Record. Postmaster Van Cott has been re-elected President of the Lincoln Club, the Republican organization of the Seventh Assembly District.

Terrence McGowan, of the Sixteenth Assembly District, James Linden, of the Nineteenth, and Charles Healy, of the Twenty-first, Republican members, have been appointed by Internal Revenue collector Edman to succeed Chas. Whelan and Kelly, the Democratic deputy collectors who were removed, as told exclusively in The Evening World yesterday.

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

Duncan Edwards, who plays halfback on the Crescent Athletic Club football team, is also a pretty good tennis-player. He used to distinguish himself in athletics when he was at Princeton College.

Phil Fina, who has swum into considerable notoriety on account of his speed on the bicycle, was the colors of the Kings County wheelmen, expected to increase the reputation of these plucky bicyclists for long distance riding.

M. V. Smith is President of the Atlanta Boat Club, and in this capacity has had considerable to do with helping to win fame for his Club. His record is that the chief end of man is to swim.

W. B. French has not a penchant for frowns despite his name, for he is American all over, especially in athletic ambition. He aids the cross-country team of the New Jersey Athletic Club to win prizes.

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BEAUTY AT THE HARP.

An Afternoon with Women Fair and Music Sweet.

Three Beautiful Girls and More Evidence that This Is Woman's Age.

The rain came down in bucketful; the crossings were swollen; the soft, spring mud gave the gutters a plash-like lining, but the people poured into Chickering Hall at 2 o'clock on Tuesday to hear Mr. Morgan play the organ and his daughter play the harp.

It was a superb audience, with a sprinkling of crazy Wagerites in long hair, and sweet-faced children in curls and ruset leggings. The straight-backed Delarato girl was there in her \$600 homespun and smart little pork-pie hat; the society beauty was there, too, with a hundred purple violets in her belt; old men, with lispings sons and giggling wives—second or third editions, all of them—were scattered through the hall, and the smaller "AT" cover coats and musical intelligence was a sight that must have given thought to the critical matron present whose "evenings" have been so poorly manned. This quiet well-bred, well-groomed, violet-scented audience filled all space in the big chamber of music, and the reception it gave the Morgan family and their assistants, while deserved must have been most gratifying.

The matinee was opened by the venerable George W. Morgan, who gave Verdi's glorious march from "Aida" on the organ. Then came his daughter, a radiant maiden dressed in a Greek, with a golden fillet coiled about her blue-black hair. Her arms were bare; so were her throat, neck and shoulders; they were too beautiful to cover, and the soft crepe fell away, and the subdued light that came from above made them gleam like marble.

She seated herself at the gilded harp, crossed her knees, drew her skirts up into artistic folds, displaying a petticoat embellished with scroll-work, placed her kid slipper on the pedal and gently, gracefully, lovingly drew the instrument towards her, where it nestled in her arms as though it were some living, loving, human creature.

Pictures? She was a vision of loveliness and beauty as she sat with her arms about the instrument, her delicate fingers gliding across the strings, and her cheek sensibly pressed against it. The sweet, light, fantastic sounds she drew forth were not surprising. To such delicate, caressing touches a thing without a soul would have been responsive.

She might have strummed, or the harp might have been mute, and the effect would have been the same. Nobody heard the sweet "Un Ballo in Maschera." Far sweeter than the music was the picture made by the musician—the pink of her cheek and ear, the lovely modelling of her arms and wrist, the transparent, rosy tint of her fingers, the dimple that played at her elbow, the exquisite grace of her figure and the winding, clinging beauty of her robe charmed the sight and delighted the senses. People listened, but heard nothing, and it was not until she rose and glided across the stage that the spell was broken.

Then a big Moor appeared and carried the throbbing instrument away, and a long, lazy, loose-jointed, apathetic sort of a youth appeared with his hands clasped in the back. His tutor, Mr. Morgan, presented him *sotto voce*, and in acknowledgment of the "how do" of the audience he fell forward like a jumping rope, his muscular hands remaining clasped through the remarkable convexity of his bow. Leisurely walking to the organ, he mounted the steps, elevated the tails of his Prince Albert, displaying an arrangement of silver chain to which his trousers seemed to have been anchored, and clumsily seating himself proceeded to pull out all the stops. He was down on the programme for the overture of "Tannhauser," a composition that he handled as badly as he did his coat-tails.

The torture of the Wartburg hall ended, the fair harpist returned with Miss Emma May, a sweet young woman, who sang like a bird. She was dressed in white, with dove gray gloves and shoes, and her only jewels were her youth and beauty. For an encore she gave a German ballad.

The Bach fugue played by Mr. Morgan on the piano was not well received by the audience. An intermission was wanted, and while the silver-haired performer scrambled with D major the ladies talked about the bird-notes in Miss May's voice, the pretty way she bit her lips during the prelude, the dainty style in which she had her corsage cut and draped, the ultra-ness of her putty-colored gloves and shoes, the marvellous grace of Miss Morgan, the gold fringe about her Grecian robe and the glossy black of her hair.

Now and then as the music between Mr. Morgan and the great Bach proceeded such questions as these were caught: "Maud Morgan—Isn't it euphonious?" "Isn't she personified?" "Aren't her arms like wreaths of snow?"

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THE SAD FATE OF JIM.

BY THE EVENING WORLD POET.
"Mornin', neighbor, I know the day is bright and sunny;
But when a feller's heart's 'way down, he can't feel very funny.
I'm kinder in the valley 'nd the fog 'nd gloom to-day.
The sunshine on the mountain top to me is far away.

If you'd a told me that I'd felt this way a year ago,
I mightn't told 'y that 's' lied, but prob'ly thought so.
Especially considerin' the wharfore 'nd the why;
But, neighbor, I can't smile to-day, 'nd 'taint no use to try.

Of course you 'member my boy Jim, the only one I had
To sorter lean on by 'nd by 'nd make my old age glad;
It may be I was hard on him when full of life and joy,
But, neighbor, no one ever knew how much I loved that boy.

Of course I liked him when he left his work to go a fishin'.
'Nd if he wunt 'y 'fore the sun he got a healthy switchin'.
To teach him ways of industry I done the best I could,
'Nd liked him not for fun, but for his own eternal good.

I allers made him go to church, likewise to Sunday school,
'Nd taught him to be honest in his dealin' 's a rule;
But still I allers told him if in tradin' he got stuck,
I'd warn him jacket royally bring him better luck.

I don't know what the matter wuz; may be I wuz to blame.
But Jim wuz bound to go to 'nd 'nd stain the family name;
He'd start for church, 'nd then, when he had got clean o' sight,
He'd jump the fence and leg it fer the pond with all his might.

In spite of lickins he wuz bound to travel right down hill.
Twice born in him; to kill it out the boy 'taint never to kill.
'Nd so, you see, when he jumped out the window in the night,
'Nd disappeared for good 'nd all, I wuz surprised a mite.

Well, I have mourned that boy fer dead 'bout fourteen year or more,
'Nd never dreamed how sad a fate that wuz fer him in store.
He's just disgraced the family name, 'nd bruh his father's heart—
Excuse me, neighbor, but, you see, the tears are bound to start.

Don't ask me, neighbor, of his fate; it's terrible to tell.
That's what things even wuz'n death, poor-house or prison-cell;
'Nd, neighbor, Jim hez sunk er low ez mortal ever can;
He's got to be—oh, woe is me!—a "boodle" Alderman!

WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

WHERE MEN EAT SLOWLY.

Dining at Clubs Promotive of Healthy and Robust Digestions.

The men who eat at the clubs are the healthiest, says the Chicago Journal. They take plenty of time, talk while eating and consume from forty minutes to two hours at dinner.

At the Union League orders are selected in the general reception-room, where they have a long table with bills of fare nailed down to prevent absent-minded guests from carrying them off and to keep them from getting scattered. Messengers wait for the order, which is written down on a little blank, and the guest can lounge about and talk until